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A Wreath of Song and Poetry

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A Wreath of Song and Poetry

By

Patrick J. Quilligan

Published by
PACIFIC PRINTING CO. Inc.
176 PARK ROW
NEW YORK

PS 3533
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MAY -3 1920

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No. 1

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INTRODUCTORY.

No poet, nor sage, nor bard am I,
But one who notes while passing by,
The beauty which in life we see,
Its fleeting show, its vanity;
The good things which we all can do,
The evil we too oft pursue;
And if I write betimes on those,
In rhyming words, in verse or prose,
There is no reason why I should claim,
A sage's lore or a poet's fame.

The poet in visions oft sublime,
Into Elysian fields doth climb;
He knocketh at the sage's door,
He borroweth of the scribe's store;
And with the wisdom of each one,
His muse glides serenely on.
Before him opes the vistas bright,
At morning's dawn, at sunset's light;
There stretches away on every hand,
The charms of his own native land.

He reads the story o'er and o'er,
And as he reads, his heart the more
Thrills with the fire the poets feel,
When the past its secrets doth reveal;
The anger which the patriots know,
When viewing the ravages of the foe,
In ruined town, in fane and hall;
In roofless cot and blackened wall;
For each and all the story rolls,
Out from the past in varied folds.

But not on morbid scenes doth he,
Indulge poetic thought and phantasy;
For now his very thoughts are flown,
Beyond earthly realms to freedom's zone.
There, he scans each mountain height,
And revels in an ecstasy of delight.
He marks the clouds a-rolling by;
He hears the winds around him sigh;
And he shouts in an ecstacy of very joy;
Land of the brave! For thee men die.

SWEET CHIMING BELLS.

Grand, sweet-toned vesper bells,
The heart in rapture thrills,
When your joyous sound we hear again,
Harmonious as the rills,
Which wake the woodland glens,
And wind along the grassy fens,
In Ireland.

Dear, sweet-toned vesper bells,
Oft the wildwood sang
Its song in unison with thine own,
Matchless melody, and rang,
Till thought became a yearning love,
And reached beyond the skies above,
To Paradise.

Dear, sweet-toned vesper bells!
At evening's call your chime,
Softly down the vistas stealing,
Recalls the happy time,
Of youthful days and hours of bliss,
Which we enjoy once more at this,
Sweet vesper time.

We see again the belfry old and brown,
The brook, the hawthorn shade;
The pastoral slopes, the far dim hills,
Where oft our footsteps strayed;
Fond fancy peoples those scenes anew,
With friends beloved, kind and true—
Sweet vesper bells!

ANNABEG.

Have you heard of Annabeg,
  Away by Shannon's tide,
Where a wee, small, languid river,
  Ambles on in pride;
As it flows amid the clover,
It is decked with cresses over,
You might search the world over,
    For a spot like Annabeg.

All day long at Annabeg,
  In the summer time;
Where that wee, languid river,
  Oozes thru' the slime,
Seems like an hour, it passes,
As you gambol o'er the grasses
Oh! no scenery surpasses
    That round Annabeg.

Beauty's haunt is Annabeg
  At the day's decline;
The west sky's golden splendor
  Appears like ruddy wine;
The hills around are glowing,
The Shannon onward flowing,
Where the homing birds are going,
    O'er the Pass of Annabeg.

Close beside of Annabeg
  The waters foam and boil,
As Shannon, wide and rapid,
  Down rocky reaches file;
Now madly onward chasing
Go the playful waters racing,
A-eddying and embracing
    In the Pass of Annabeg.

Oh, life is sweet at Annabeg!
There the moments fly;
You never think of pain or ache
Till 'tis almost time to die.
It were sweet some day to rest
Nigh the friends you love the best,
With the daisies on your breast,
Nigh the Pass of Annabeg!

THE BREATH OF SPRING.

The breath of Spring is in the valley,
And the woods are ringing sweet
With myriad voices calling where
The tall trees sway and meet.

There the budding leaves and blossoms
Twine their garlands fresh and fair;
Graceful cowslip, primrose, pansies
Ope to breathe the fragrant air.

The songbirds warble in the wildwood,
Where they meet harmoniously,
For springtime is their mating season,
And they hail it joyously.

The balmy air when Spring is with us
Haunts our steps tru emeraldie;
There soft mosses strew the allies
And the lichens climeth free.

Lo! The waters how they shimmer
Where they flow beneath the ray,
And the woodland rills are calling
To the echoes far away.

In its train the fields are greener,
And the wild flowers all appear,
While the bees go humming after until
The autumn hues appear.

KNOC NA REE.

There is not in old Thomond a scene the more splendid,
When the bright sun at morning a halo doth lend it,
To crown with its beauty the brow of that mountain
That peers tru the mist over river and fountain—
So majestic and grand! Oh, 'tis rarely you see
A vision more fair than our own Knoc na Ree.

Knoc na Ree of the mists towers over the Shannon;
The cairn on its summit you'd think was a man on,
Looking out o'er that valley like an eagle at rest,
On the waters that rolleth away to the West.
The broom on its surface stealeth down, you may see,
To the pastures and meadows of sweet Knoc na Ree.

When the thunder peals out over highland and valley,
And the red lightning strews the tall oak and sally,
How sublime the prospect of river and mountain
From that haven of rest beside the clear fountain—

The clouds in dark masses around the summit you see
When the lightnings flash out over dark Knoc na Ree.

Knoc na Ree of the kings from its lofty station
Flashed its signals afar to summon the nation
To arm for the combat, the red battle and danger,
And speed as the wind on the ranks of the stranger—
When lauv laudir abu swells glorious and free
Tru the glens and the valleys of bold Knoc na Ree.

All around Knoc na Ree the thick mists are crowding,
The pines of the forest in darkness they're shrouding;
But the sun will illumine; its rays will glance through,
And the bloom and the verdure will again open to view.
Oh, ho! for that sunshine—the day when we'll see
The clans and the clansmen dashing down Knoc na Ree.

ST. THOMAS'S ISLAND.

There is a green island, and I know it quite well,
For oft in the old times I've heard people tell,
That the Isle o' St. Thomas was a fair isle to see
When the friars of the white robes lived there saintly.

The Isle of St. Thomas is nigh old Limerick
town;
All around it, the waters of Shannon rush down;
Those swift dashing waters just touch the green
shore,
And kissing it, pass from the scene evermore.

It was good Brother Deus who gave wise counsel
here,
Whilst he wrought in Christ's vineyard for many
a year.
Oh, happy was Deus when the morning sun's
sheen
Lighted up that sweet valley so fair and so green.

The rabbits frisked around him whenever he'd
pass
From his cell to the river o'er the dew-beaded
grass.
Oh, beloved of the people was the good Brother
Deus—
'Tis long since he passed to a well-earned repose.

But where holy Saints are the sanctuaries which
crowned
Like gems of rare beauty that thrice-sanctified
ground?
Where the monastic dwellings of that hallowed
retreat?
And where are the white Friars so joyful to
meet?

Oh, wo worth the day when the vile scoffers came
And rifled that island, leaving naught but the
name!
Its shrines they are razed, all its glories are gone,
And the Friars of the white robes no more we
gaze on.

No more in the evening when the summer sun's glow
Lights up that sweet valley where the bright waters flow;
Doth the silver-tongued bells call the people to pray
For the blessings received from the dawn of the day.

The wolves stealthily prowling a sad havoc wrought;
The patrimony of the poor in his red fangs is caught;
So that the Isle of St. Thomas, as we know it today,
Is a stain on the escutcheon of those who hold sway.

WE SHED NO TEARS.

We shed no tears for glories past,
In the golden age of Brian;
Yet thoughts of these will come whene'er
Our fancy's mood incline;
For fancy is a wondrous power,
As potent as voice or pen,
Which bids the trodden serfs arise
Up to the height of men.

Caencora's eagles are not dead,
Nor is their vigor passed,
Their scream which waked to victory
Still floats along the blast.
And from each glen by Thomond's tide,
And from many a vale serene,
We hear the conquering legions tread,
We see their long spears gleam.

The swords which smote the invaders
On Scattery's sainted isle;
Which drove from out the sanctuaries
Their presence dared defile,
Would leap from out their scabbards
At one word of thine, Dal Cass,
For the love they bear the sanctified,
For the glory of the Mass.

Brian's spirit permetes the land,
His warlike feats remain,
To give our wishes and our hopes
To victory once again;
And by Ardmagh's high sanctuary,
Where Brian's dust is kept,
The land redeemed from lawless foes
No thraldom shall accept.

Then tell each new, or old foeman,
Who hates our beloved isle,
We reckon not their bitter taunts,
Nor their cold, sarcastic smile;
Go tell them that our Isle of Green
For evermore shall be
The home of love, the fatherland,
Of Truth and Liberty!

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

When Sarsfield fought at Limerick,
Around that fortress lay
The olden walls and bastions,
With towers in grim array;
But better far than towers or walls
Were the fearless and true men
Who manned the guns and held the town
For Ireland and for you men.

At cannon's boom forninst the breach
  Arose that storming array
Of William's picked and chosen line,
  Who meant the town to carry.
They reach the wall and open square,
  They press down street and alley;
The defenders' ordered lines they meet
  With shock and sudden sally.

But hark! A sound strikes on the ear,
  Far louder than the rattle
Of belching guns or dying shrieks,
  Above the loud din of battle.
The bold intruders for a moment pause,
  For a moment they hesitated;
A palor o'er their faces spread
  When they heard that yell repeated.

Out from the opening ways around,
  From street, and lane, and alley,
A citizen army rushed en masse;
  On the battle scene they sally.
The Spartan mother, the maiden fair,
  The father and the son
Charged down upon the foeman there
  With hammer, axe and gun.

A moment the Willdamite soldiers stood
  Against that rushing array,
But vain their valor in that hour—
  They dared no longer tarry.
Back through the goary streets they rush,
  Across the breach now speeding
Toward the distant Singland heights,
  Their captains in the leading.

On Irish valor Sarsfield relied,
More than on walls or cannon,
To conquer William's veteran ranks
Beside the river Shannon.
And there, responsive to his call,
Were his ever-ready truemen,
To fight for him, or die with him,
For Ireland and for you men.

Those walls are down, the towers razed,
The war's red riot is ended;
One arch of peace illumes the sky,
And with it love is blended. (?)
Still from the past shall memory wave,
A garland meet for truemen
Who fought and conquered on that spot
For Ireland and for you men.

DONALD RUADH.

A rosy red hue suffused his cheeks,
And his eyes were joy to see,
While his look divine was a sure sign
That his love was love for me.

My Donald Ruadh wore braided hair,
On which like a halo shone
The light of day on that sunlit May
When we walked by the Shannon.

Brave Donald Ruadh, so tall and stately,
Strong was his strong right hand;
And his heart sincere knew not a fear
In the cause of thee—Ireland.

Than his teeth no pearls were whiter,
When he smiled on meeting you,
And his kiss was sweet as where waters meet
Nigh the green slopes of Coolrue.

Oh, my heart is sad since Dontld sailed
With the wild geese to France away;
Oft I wish him back o'er the ocean's track
To his weeping Elsie Creagh.

Oh, Donald Ruadh! Brave Donald Ruadh!
Where'er you may chance to be,
There is one girl you called your pearl,
Whose heart goes out to thee.

She follows the fortunes of Sarsfield's men
In the wars of France and Spain;
And she prays that they may return some day
To fight for their own again.

For although she admires the Chevalier,
She knows of no nobler cause
Than that brave fight—God and the Right!
For our own land and its laws.

Oh, Donald Ruadh of the bright, keen sword,
Though a thousand men were there,
I would know your form mid the battle storm
By the silken braids you wear.

A gradh mu cree! God speed the day
When you shall sail the sea
With your bold brigade to Ireland's aid,
To guard and to keep it free.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

Ere the day-star with fiery eye
Pierced the thick gloom in northern sky,
The blatent trumpet's shrilly note
Was heard beyond the guarded moat
Athwart the gloom, an armed band,
Of chieftains came to take command,
And ere the risen sun grew bright
A warrior host peered through the night.
Their banners to the breeze were given,
And many a prayer arose to Heaven
For the long-sought and wished-for day
When the Norse power should pass away.

Eblana, from tower and battlement
Beheld the glittering armament
The martial squadrons which pass before,
En route for Clontarf's crescent shore,
Where fierce Broder's marauding braves
Were gathered from the Baltic waves;
Were gathered a rude barbaric band,
To desecrate the shores of Ireland.
Circling the bay's clear waters round,
The invaders camped on guarded ground;
There waving defiantly in the breeze—
Lo! The raven banner of the seas.

Rank on rank in divisions drawn,
Extend from Tolka over hill and lawn;
Their close set shields and glittering mail
Bespeak roving Cuirraissier, or battling Gael.
Kern and galloglass from heath-clad hill,
From southern vale and northern rill,
Marched at their Ardriagh's high command,
To battle for their own native land.
And many a chief well known to fame

For knightly deeds and of honored name
Came with Malachi, or with Desmond's king,
To break false Mordagh's hostile ring.

The embattled hosts now close in strife,
Dread and deadly for home and life;
On the issue hung a proud nation's weal,
Or dire distress neath mail-clad heel—
Those war-like clans of Dane and Gael
Meet in dread riot along the battle plain.
Their glittering spears in the sunlight flash
And sword meets sword and bucklers clash.
To the rallying cheers and battle cries
Comes echoing back defiant replies.
Like billowy seas which foam and seethe,
They oft recoil, but again advance and meet.

But wherefore endeavor to portray
The varying fortunes of that dread day,
Ere Scandanavia's mail-clad band
Were conquered by the men of Ireland?
Or tell how the Stewarts of Lenox came
To battle in renowned Albian's name,
To seal with their blood the love they bore
Their kindred on fair Hibernia's shore?
Suffice it to note that Morragh clove amain,
Until many a mighty chief was slain;
That when he fell the battle rose
Until Gaelic valor quelled Erin's foes.

The aged Monarch beheld with joy
The wavering foemen turn to fly,
As from vantage point he beheld afar
That field of wild tempestuous war.
When the riot of battle reached his ear,
Grimly he grasped his battle spear,
And sighed for those days long passed

When lauv laudir abu! rose on the blast;
His eyes beamed with the martial glow,
As the battle's din rose high below.
He longed that he, in that battle's van,
Might charge to victory with his brave clan.

Now as the tide of battle set
The King forgot each vain regret,
For he beheld in the soft evening's glow
The dishevelled ranks of the hated foe,
Rent and scattered along the field,
Or bleeding and dying neath broken shield.
Brian's guardsmen had left their posts
Where he knelt in prayer to the God of hosts,
Just as the cruel Brauder was passing near,
In battered mail with blood-stained spear.
A moment he looked on the King in prayer,
Then, fiendishly, he passed and slew him there.

Swiftly the murderous deed was done,
And hastily the plain Braudir had won;
And as he fled, his dreeping brand
He frantically waved in his right hand,
Charging his kin to bruit afar
That Brian had fallen 'fore the Braudir.

Swift vengeance overtook the cruel foe,
And felled him with many a vengeful blow.
King Brian, raised on his battle shield,
Was borne across the sodden field.
The triumphal shouts were hushed—alas!
'Twere thus their victor King should pass.

The sable shades at evening's close
Enshrouded alike both friends and foes;
The day of carnage and strife was o'er;
The marauding Vie-kings return no more.

Dirge with triumphal note were blended,
For many a heroic life was ended.
Oh! renowned Clontarf shall live in fame
To immortalize each clansman's name;
And well may Erin rejoice and sing
The triumphs of the immortal King,
Who had gathered to that foughten field
The clans and clansmen—Erin's shield.

Historic Clontarf! The red riot which ran
In tumult wild from each man to man,
Along those sylvan shades which rose,
Where tranquilly the Tolka flows,
Is heard no more. Changed the scene
Where Norse and Gael in strife had been;
Nor battle cries, nor war steeds neigh,
Re-echo along the silvery bay.
Grand civic dwellings in order here
Are multiplied from year to year;
The hum of life is heard around,
And hurrying footsteps tread the ground.

On tapering spire and altar-dome
Is set the insignia of Royal Rome;
It shines resplendent o'er the scene
Where Brian's cohorts once had been;
Potent still for good it sways
The councils of those later days;
Nor doth the men who now arise
The teachings of the Cross despise;
From out the shadows and the night
Hopefully they gaze into the light—
Loyal as their forebears they stand,
The guardians of their native land!

THROUGH VERNAL BOWERS.

Have you heard the blackbirds singing
  In the pleasant month of June,
When all the groves were ringing
  With each songster's merry tune
On the banks of pleasant Shannon river?

Have you heard the bees a-humming
  As they flitted 'mong the flowers,
Where the schoolboys went a-chumming
  In the summer's golden hours,
On the banks of dear old Shannon river?

Have you heard the waters purling
  O'er the rocky, sandy beds?
Have you listened to the murmuring
  Of the snowyy-white cascades
On the banks of lovely Shannon river?

Have you heard the thunders rolling,
  Where flashed the vivid light,
When the storm clouds were blowing
Across the skies at night,
On the banks of majestic Shannon river?

Have you heard the breezes sighing
  Along the leafy lane,
When the homing birds were flying
  On some evening in the rain,
On the green banks of our beloved river?

They who have heard such melodies
  Cannot help but sing,
For sweet song is born of memories
  Which down the vistas ring
On the banks of each pleasant winding river.

DEAR HARP.

Dear Harp, hear me pleading, oh, list my appealing,
I long for to hear your sweet music again;
Its soul stirring numbers, its pathos and feeling
Awakens fond memories of gladness and pain.

Dear Harp, how we cherish those memories departed,
Which shed such a luster on Erin's green shore;
When its Saints and its Sages, the brave and true-hearted,
Taught to the nations their mystical lore.

Dear Harp, mayest thou never lie mute in the shade
Whilst the heart and the hand of a lover there be
To awaken thy loved songs in every green glade—
So meet for the lover, the bold, and the free.

Dear Harp, when the long night of deep degradation
Has passed with its dark pall off Erin and thee,
Oh, cease not thy music, but cheer the young nation
With thy soft notes of love and sweet melody.

KILBALLYBEG.

Kilballybeg in the morning early,
It is rarely we find aught more fair;
The green hills around it, as when first we found it,

Stretch their brown summits into the air.
Dank ferns grew o'er the streams abounding,
And dabbled round in each glassy pool;
Whilst haunts quiet eerie of elf and fairy,
Stretched away beyond the village school.

Kilballybeg with its church and steeple
And kindly people is a treat to see;
Around about it, oh, you need not doubt it,
Your thoughts are lost in fond reverie.
There, when Darby and Piper plays at evening,
There is no believing the fun that's round;
Whilst the young folk dancing, a-gaily prancing,
Go tripping over the dusty ground.

Kilballybeg, amid joy or sorrows,
Or gloomy morrows, we always see,
With its mantle round it, as when we found it,
The home of love's sure felicity.
Trials and sorrows no longer stingeth
When fancy wingeth to boyhood's years;
There we live again, free from dull pain,
With our vanished youth's compeers.

Kilballybeg, the years went a-fleeting
Since our last meeting in thy rustic bowers;
Afar round the world, with banners unfurled,
Thine exiles are waiting thy triumphal hours.
A chora mu chree! Thtt hour and its coming
Oft set a-humming the bards of the Gael,
And their harps amid sadness struck a note of gladness
For Ireland, our country—our beloved Granuaile!

THE SONGS WE SING.

Sing while the day is with us,
  Sing while the star-lights glow;
Should all our friends forget us,
  Loved song will never go.

Some songs are sung which ever
  In oblivion's shade must lie;
There are songs we sing forever—
  They are songs which cannot die.

There are songs of truth and feeling,
  Sung by the bards of old;
All earnest, grand, appealing,
  Meet for the brave and bold.

Oh, ever in your singing
  Let truth be the motive grand,
For truth the mists is flinging
  From around our Ireland.

BABY MINE.

Baby mine, oh, hear me calling;
  The little birds they sing to you—
The little birds with notes enthralling
  Are singing all day long to you.

Amid the blossoms they fly and flutter,
  Chirping as they flit and fly;
Of their ambles, baby, you mutter
  With parted lips and wandering eye.

The boughs are swaying in gentle breezes
  Their sunlit blossoms, baby, to you;

And their bright hues baby pleases,
As to slumber they gently woo.

Hush, little birds, for baby's sleeping,
But if you want to, you can sing;
For baby now neath angel's keeping
Hears not the rustle of your wing.

When from dreamland baby is waking,
Come and sing your songs again;
And gladly of your joys partaking,
Baby will laugh a sweet refrain.

MAVOURNEEN DHEELISH.

Mavourneen deelish, 'tis yourself can sing, sure,
Blithe and sweetly, there is nothing grander
Than your sweet voice at morn and at noon,
Or at evening's gloaming when your songs alure.

Our thoughts doth wander when we think about them
For they have a charm all their own,
The sweetest known. We love them dearly,
For it is rarely we hear aught like them.

Mavourneen deelish, your ways are pleasing;
They are so natural to your own dear self.
Your eyes of brightness the stars sure envy
When they see them shining and sparkling.

The stars, you know, dear, were made to shine in
That blue expanse of space beyond;
And your eyes of blue were made for loving,
To shine and sparkle before admiring men.

Mavourneen deelish, 'tis yourself we love, sure,
  There is no denying that at all, at all;
  For you're the queen of our heart's affections,
Our charming linnet and snow-white dove.

THE LIGHT AT THE HEAD OF THE BAY.

Where the steep cliffs rise o'er the ocean's rim,
  And the foam-crested billows play,
There's a light which shines the darkness in,
  From its tower at the head of the bay.

'Tis the mariner's light, his guiding star,
  Which shines o'er his homing way,
Through the long dark night o'er the rock-bound
      bar,
  From its tower at the head of the bay.

When the winds are high and the billowy sea
  Rolls along on its foamy way,
That light points out where the breakers be,
  From its tower at the head of the bay.

The weather-beaten sailor sees with joy
  That welcoming light's clear ray,
And a tear of gladness bedews his eye
  As his good ship enters the bay.

Life is a sea where our barks are tossed,
  And we sail upon it alway,
Toward that saving Light, where danger's passed,
  And the traveller rests for aye.

THE HILLS OF HOME.

The hills of home! Sweet hills again,
  Each well-remembered scene,
Haunts us at the morning's breaking
  With a wealth of golden sheen.
They rise before us shamrock-crowned,
  With dewy robes around them;
The song of bird their minstrelsy,
  As when at first we found them.

Sweet hills of home! The veil of morn
  Is borne from thee away;
And lo! along thy shimmering slopes
  The mellow sunbeams play.
The splashing streams are heard afar;
  Anon, the skylark's song
Steals clear and sweet from out the blue,
  Pouring melodiously along.

Tranquilly the river flows away
  Tru meadows fresh and fair,
Where pastoral banks by church and tower,
  Rise clearly before you there.
No mists around thy brows are furled,
  To dim the azure of the blue,
Which smile peacefully down on
  The hills our childhood knew.

And yet, perhaps, ere evening's close,
  The storm king may lour,
To shake the welkin's circling dome
  With all a giant's power,
While vivid lightnings flash along,
  And rains in deluge pour,
Till the babble of the brook doth swell
  To a mighty torrent's roar.

Sweet hills! The theme of tuneful song
Around your glorious heights
Wild storms may sweep in fury on,
And dim the guiding lights;
Still, whether storm swept, or supremely grand,
We shall love thee even as now
When the golden sunbeams, warm and bright,
Illumes each heathclad brow.

THE IRISHMAN'S LAND.

You can boast of the roses in Orient climes growing,
And tell of rich spices on Araby's strand;
But sweeter by far in the evening's soft gloaming
Is the scent of the heather in the Irishman's land.
They sing of zephyrs, cool, refreshing and splendid,
That waft the blue waters to Italia's fair shore;
But hurrah for Knockmealadown; its breezes command it,
They are dearer than any and we love them much more.

The heather-bells blooming on Galtees high mountains,
Or the weaving of wild flowers in the vale of the Suir,
Are dear as the rosebud that bends o'er the fountains
Whose fragrance enamores, and whose blushes allure.
The sough of the night winds when the clouds, laden over,
Rustle the long reeds by Shannon's loved shore

Are as sweet to the ears of the soldier, or lover,
As the eerie numbers which Aeolian chords bore.

How sweetly the birds when the daylight awakes them
Make vocal the groves, the green banks and braes,
When the lark's notes responsive in the blue sky above them
Sends back to the morning its high anthem of praise.
Oh, dear, lovely isle of the shadows and sunshine,
Oft when as exiles, we walk some far strand,
Our thoughts wander back to the vales where the woodbine
Twines green as the ivy in the Irishman's land.

PULLING TOGETHER.

How pleasant to sail in the morning's ray,
When the sea dashes free, and the weather
Is pleasant and bright, and the crew,
Is pulling together, together.

The land to leeward stands out from the sea,
With highlands and bays abounding,
Where the vapory canopy is clearing away
To the tops of the hills surrounding.

Out from the cliffs the sea birds come,
On free and joyful pinions,
Exulting in that supreme delight
Which fills their vast dominions.

Now toward the shore the breezes play,
To give to the woodlands greeting,
Whilst the heaving swell falls back apace,
From the land in sure retreating.

Our good ship keeps an even keel,
All other courses scorning;
Our crew—all gallant hearts are they,
With truth each brow adorning

Oh, pleasant to sail in the morning's ray,
When the sea dashes free, and the weather
Is pleasant and bright, whilst the crew
Pull, as always, together, together.

THE EAGLE.

Proudly that bird to freedom given
Soars heavenward on aerial wings;
With inborn energy aside he flings
The mists and sprays which obscure heaven.
To ethereal zones by fancy driven
He roams. As a bird in rapture sings,
The eagle screams till the welkin rings,
Beyond the clouds and cloudlets riven.
As monarch he circles the elysian fields,
Without one rival to oppose;
The feathered tribes to his kinghood yields
Homage, for he alone uprose,
Triumphant in his flight on high,
To commune with Freedom in the sky.

FRIEND O' MINE.

Friend o' mine, what shall I sing—
What shall I sing tonight?
Shall my theme be of the marshaling

Of clans in freedom's fight?
Of the roll of drums? Of bugle's call?
Of charging squadron?
Shall I sing to thee of leaguered walls,
Where valor leadeth on?

Shall my song treat of pastoral scenes,
Some river bank beside?
Where the slender willow sways and leans
Above the shimmering tide?
Where hewthorn glade and flowery meads
The winding paths adorn?
And the gentle shepherd to pasture leads
His flock at early morn?

Or if, perchance, to some favored zone
Your yearning thoughts aspire,
Let it be mine, and mine alone,
To tune for thee the lyre.
There in some isle on a choral strand,
'Twere meeter far to be
A peaceful denizen, tattooed and tanned,
Than a hind in slavery.

Yet, why should we to southern seas,
To choral reef, or strand,
When far more fair than aught of these
Are the scenes of our own land?
Its emerald hills are fair to see,
Bold its rock-bound shore,
Where the wild waves unceasingly
Their weird songs ever pour.

Should a note of mine one pleasure bring
To thee, O friend of mine!
I, to please thee, would gladly sing
To make that pleasure thine;

Though rude my art, yet my happiest lay
For thee I'd love to sing;
To bring back thoughts of another day
And their magic round to fling.

THE WISHED FOR HOUR.

The wished for hour has come,
We hear the roll of drum,
And the fifer's tune.
Proudly our banners fly
Beneath the azure sky;
We would dare again to try
War's dread fortune.

There neath each heaving breast
Love nestles in its nest,
Warm and true.
Year after year may roll
Ere the long-wished for goal
Shall fully satisfy the soul,
Erin, dear, of you.

Yet, whilst the shimmering sea
Around your shores in jubilee
Leap and play;
True lovers shall be thine,
Never shall their hearts repine;
Still unbroken be their line
Until freedom's day.

TRUE LOVE.

Love rules in the heart of the lover,
With a feeling akin to pain,

And the words which he murmurs over,
Breathes always love's refrain.

Love lives for the love of the loved one,
And keeps attentively nigh,
For jealous the ways which love betrays
In glance and amorous sigh.

When adverse fortune is frowning,
True love is strong to endure,
And it patiently awaits the crowning,
With an intent lofty and pure.

Wealth and affluence won't change it,
Nor poverty sadden and depress;
'Tis the gift of the Giver who gave it,
To gladden this universe.

Love quickens the pulse by its presence,
It gladdens the heart of the king,
And the young and the old experience,
The delights of love's visiting.

One long, blissful summer reposes,
In the heart of the lover always;
His paths are strewn with the roses,
Which blossoms along life's ways.

Love relieves the load of the weary,
It smoothes the pillows of pain;
And its ways are gladsome and cheery,
Whether in sunshine, or in rain.

Love reigns in the highest heaven,
Where God with His angels be;
Whilst on earth to man it is given
For his joy and felicity.

LET PEACE ABIDE.

Let peace abide, nor come no more
The rifle's crash, the cannon's roar,
The sickening rain of human goar;
The charge of squadron, the ringing cheer,
The yell for vengeance drawing near;
The smouldering land, the widow's moan,
The orphan's tears, affliction's groan,
With all the horrors earth hath known—
Come these no more!

Yet, if instead be torch and brand,
The cruel lash in brutal hand—
Should slavery desecrate the land,
And men be bought and men be sold,
And subjected to infamies untold,
Until Mammon wallows in wanton gold;
Then sound ye trumpets loud and long;
Let echo the thrilling notes prolong,
Till men arise to avenge such wrong,
Again as heretofore.

PEACEFUL LAND.

Let us go to peaceful land,
Down by the sea;
There, sunlit waves along the strand,
Chant a sweet melody;
Which as they sing they seem to say:
Peace reigns around when guile's away.

Life, 'tis true, is a reality,
Where man in combat vies;
Still, amid the turmoil we can see
The glow of summer skies.
There we may hope to rest awhile,
Free from dull care and weary toil.

Our peaceful land is always near,
Within the heart 'tis found;
And its soft, low voice we hear
Echoing all around.
And as it calls it seems to tell:
When guile's away, all's well.

Let peaceful land be our retreat,
Where we can rest and pray—
Where we can learn life's secret
From passing day to day.
Oh, often let our thoughts be set
On our own ways, lest we forget!

COME, LET US GO.

Come, let us go to where the Savour abides,
The sweet, gentle Savour Who calls o'er the way—
The dreary way leading to tempests and tides,
Which bear our bark onward away, and away.

He is waiting, ah! waiting, for you and for me,
As we wander unheeding o'er the desert wild.
In those pathways He counselled us always to flee
And to walk in the Royal Way, pure, undefiled.

Come, let us turn to the haven where they rest;
The loved ones, and true, the mild and the meek;
There we shall find them, those friends we love best,
With the only Treasure it is worth while to seek.

And thus they pass those years away,
Those years of earnest endeavor;
The cares they knew are gone for aye,
Their worth lives on forever.

Those golden years now bending o'er
With deeds of love for Erin's weal;
Upon their lines we well may pour,
And sing of the joy we can't conceal.

Those years of worth we love to trace;
To conjure 'fore our minds again
The men who strove in freedom's race,
And from them inspiration win.

They gave to time a deathless page,
Where all who will may ever read
The story of patriot, and of sage,
And drink of their inspiring creed.

As in the past, so may it ever be,
As each succeeding decade rolls;
Let Truth's ideals, unfettered, free,
Waft its fragrance to our souls.

THE PIONEER.

Over the ocean wide,
Over its billowy tide
He came in manly pride—
The pioneer.

Over the mountain's crest,
On toward the golden west
He went in eager quest
Of home, sweet home.

He found a favored spot,
Where with the means he'd got
He built himself a cot—
The pioneer.

Loudly the axes ring;
Beneath his steady swing
Tall trees are trembling,
Day after day.

There on the clearance made,
Fringed by a maple shade,
Opens a smiling glade,
Where cattle roam.

Rich fields of golden grain
Stretch out upon the plain,
Ripening neath sun and rain,
Year after year.

Oft rings his rifle clear
When the wild beasts appear,
And when ruder foes are near,
Hard by his home.

He loves the simple life,
Far from the city's strife,
Wed to his home and wife,
And children dear.

When ripe in years and blest,
They laid him down to rest,
Far in the golden west—
The brave pioneer!

Long may our western land
Welcome each gallant band
Who on its fertile strand
Proclaims fealty.

May its glory always be
Theme for song and jubilee;
And may its people happily
In peace abide.

Land of the fertile mold!
Land of the brave and bold!
The Starry Flag unrolled
Proclaims our liberty.

MAYTIME.

In the Maytime of the year,
Everywhere you wander,
Buds and blossoms all appear
On trees above, on grasses under.

All the orchard boughs are laden
With flowers of varied hue,
Until it would seem as if Eden
Burst upon the enraptured view.

See the green leaves all appearing,
Weaving in the noonday light;
See the vines their tindrels bearing,
Climbing to the topmost height.

List! The woods are now a-tremble
With each songster's happiness;
There the bees amid flowers assemble
To revel in a floral bliss.

Hear the brooklets in the alley
Singing down the meady way;
While the lambkins in the valley
Gambol merrily all day.

Echo calls o'er vale and fountain,
Until the errie numbers swell
In the caves upon the mountain,
O'er each storied hill and dell.

Neath the glow of moon and starlight,
From their raths, as legend tells,
Wee fairy folk come when stars bright,
Shine within the fairy wells.

And they fill their golden measures
From the dewdrops sparkling o'er;
And they revel amid their pleasures
Till the larks begin to soar.

Happy Maytime! Flowers and roses,
And a thousand pleasant things
In the bright noonday hour reposes,
And to fancy ever sings.

THE CONTRAST.

There are thoughts for the sage who ponders
On life and its problems great.
There are thoughts for the one who squanders
The treasures of his estate.

The sage's words doth quicken,
For all who wish to hear;
From the squanderer's dreary kingdom
A word never comes to cheer.

The sage gives of his treasures,
To act as a balsam sweet;
The squanderer's sordid pleasures
Are always indiscreet.

Be wise, the sage is telling
To his patrons every one;
But the squanderer's ways repelling
Leads his footsteps ever on.

Keep ever in mind the teachings
Of the sage's treasured lore;
And heed not the vapid preachings
Of the miser's sordid store.

The sage's words doth quicken,
And like a permidial fire,
Guide when clouds doth thicken,
And hope would feign expire.

O comrades! heed the warning,
Which is calling unto thee;
Go gather your gifts at morning
In the sage's treasury.

The road to ruin is grewsome,
If you follow in its way;
But the sage's counsels wholesome
Will lead to a happy day.

REBEL CORK.

I just love thee, Rebel Cork—Cork!
Your mountains, glens, and highlands,
Your romantic bays and islands,
And your wild waves dashing free.

Once I stood in Rebel Cork
When old Shannon bells were ringing,
When the birds were sweetly singing,
When summer's sun was shining everywhere.

As I walked through Rebel Cork,
  Peace reigned o'er hill and valley,
  And along each leaf-clad alley,
From Cove to Blarney, from Bantry to Bear.

Oh, grand, historic Cork!
  Where the brave Eugenians dwelt,
  Where still lives the valiant Celt,
With soul of love and matchless bravery.

Through the vales of Rebel Cork
  May the harps forever thrill;
  May the bards forever sing
By the shores of Glengariff and the pleasant
    River Lee.

THE LAND OF LONG AGO.

Afar gleams the light of the sunlit hills,
  O'er the land of long ago.
Soft dew its vapory mist distills,
To guard like grey ghost sentinels
The paths which led to the haunts we knew,
To the fields where the pale, pink blossoms grew,
  In the land of long ago.

At twilight hour fond fancy wings
  To the land of long ago.
In greenwood shade the songbird sings,
O'er pastoral scenes the Angelus rings;
The toilers bow their heads in prayer
When the silvery chime steals on the air,
  In the land of long ago.

Fond recollection loves to dwell
  On that land of long ago;
And time waves its magic spell

Round silvery nook and fairy dell;
Whilst thought flies off on airy wings
To list the quaint, quiet whisperings
In the land of long ago.

And, oh! what glorious visions be
Of that land of long ago.
Through the vistas of time we see
Our Isle, afar on the billowy sea;
There in the sunlight's golden haze
We walk once more as in boyhood's days
In the land of long ago.

ON GUARD.

Who sails today as fighting men
Upon the waters blue
Shall ere the cycle's course begin
Have nothing more to do.

Science moves with rapid stride!
And dreadnought power shall be
As flotsam on the rolling tide
As wreckage in the sea.

Build ye the forts and man the guns
On every bluff of land;
And guard ye well the river runes
Along the shingle strand.

Go, point the guns into the blue,
Where aerial raiders ride;
Go, plant the mines in ocean, too,
Where unseen dangers bide.

Who speaks for art and science now
Knows his philanthropy;

And time will set upon his brow
The wreath of victory.

DOMESTIC FELICITY.

Once a crumb of pleasure seeking,
I rambled along the way;
In my quest I heard one speaking—
Pleasure is at home today.

At the door now gently knocking,
I enquire where pleasure be;
Looking, I saw a mother rocking,
A-singing to her baby.

Singing softly words which mothers
Sing for happiness and joy;
Which in time they pass to others
In each treasured lullaby.

Entering, I saw with pleasure
A fond mother's happiness—
Methought no earthly treasure
Can at all compare with this.

And there returned one at evening
From a day of toiling done,
Whom the mother on perceiving
Laid to nestle her infant son.

She left her baby, when the father
Returned from his daily toil;
And her arms round him gather,
Caressing him with kiss and smile.

He forgot the hours of toiling
In that moment of happiness;

Meet, he thought, for all one's toiling
Is a wife's and baby's kiss.

Anon, there rose from out that dwelling,
As the sun sank in the west,
An evening Ave, to Heaven telling
Heartfelt thankfulness ere they rest.

Oh! there is many a pathway leading
To those heights where pleasure be—
Where the voice of love is pleading
With an earnest constancy.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

It was in the month of May,
As I rambled out one day,
The blackbirds and the linnets sweetly sang;
The larks from skies of blue
Warbled love notes fond and true,
And notes responsive from the meadows rose and rang.

The glowing hawthorne-tree
Shed its blossoms over me,
Where the catkins on the willows dangled round.
It was truly a scene ideal,
And its beauty made me feel
One of the happiest lads on Ireland's ground.

Old Shannon in all its pride
Rolled along. a silvery tide,
Between rich and verdant borders to the sea.
The groves lent a stately air
To the sylvan beauties there,
Where we comrades trysted lovingly.

Oh, it was really a happy day
In that glorious month of May
When I rambled down that valley, proud and free;
But that day, alas! is o'er,
And far from Erin's shore,
One more exile, lovely Erin, weeps for thee.

THE GREEN TOP KNOT.

Once I met a gentle colleen
Of sweet, engaging mein,
One of those pretty colleens
Mine eyes had often seen;
And what quickly won my fancy—
I do not know for what,
Save it be the charm of it—
Her green top-knot.
Oh, that green top-knot!
Her green top-knot!
It must have been the charm of
Her green top-knot!

There set upon her tam-o-shanter,
It looked natty as you please;
Shure, it set my heart a-going
In all sorts of ways.
Joyful thoughts came o'er me,
But I do not know for what,
Save it be the charm of it—
The green top-knot!
Oh, that green top-knot!
Her green top-knot!
It must have been the charm of
Her green top-knot!

At every step it nodded me,
And almost seemed to say—
I hope you won't get angry at
The colors I display.
A dream-like spell stole o'er me,
I do not knew for what,
Save it be the charm of it—
The green top-knot!
Oh, that green top-knot!
Her green top-knot!
It must have been the charm of
The green top-knot.

I followed where 'twas nodding,
Along the avenue.
Sure, I could tell its dainty air,
From anything in view;
And I could love that colleen—
Which is saying quite a lot;
But I know the spirit of it—
The green top-knot!
Oh, that green top-knot!
Her green top-knot!
Right well I know the spirit of it—
The green top-knot!

A TUFT OF SHAMROCK.

This wee bit of shamrock
Which I gaze on today
Was sent by a dear friend
From that Isle far away;
And the letter accompanying
Had this much to say—
'Tis a wee taste of Ireland
For St. Patrick's Day.

It grew nigh the Shannon,
  Where the old Treaty Stone
Tells of brave Patrick Sarsfield
  And renowned Garryowen.
It was there on a hillside,
  This trefoil had grown;
And the breezes off Cratloe
  Its green leaves had blown.

I hail thee, sweet shamrock!
  You have sailed the green sea,
Which spreads out between us—
  That Green Isle and me.
All hail to thee, shamrock!
  In this land o' the free,
Where ten million hearts throb
  For old Ireland and thee.

Oh the Gaelsmen assemble
  In re-union today;
At feast and at wassail,
  In gala display;
And their voices resounding
  In unison shall pray,
For the friends of old Ireland,
  On St. Patrick's Day.

God prosper thee, Ireland
  And dry every tear;
May he give to thy people
  Content and cheer.
What they love and cherish.
  May we always revere;
May each rancor and discord
  From their ranks disappear.

Touch again the bold harp,
  And go marching along;

Ring clear every trumpet
With glad notes of song;
Spread out the old banner,
For it hates every wrong,
This day it waves over
A chivalrous throng.

Yes, the shamrock we'll fete
With a gala display;
And right over our hearts, too,
Proudly 'twill lay;
Or, perchance from our bonnets
It shall nod by the way,
With a gradh for the people
On St. Patrick's Day.

THE UNDERBUND.

All around in the ways of the city;
In factory, workshop and mine;
Unthought of, without care or pity
There are fellows who ever repine.

Less fortunate their lot and their station,
Then that of rich confreres around;
And if wealth were the only criterion,
Those poor ones would nowhere be found.

Too often, rags, poverty and squalor
Are the portions those mortals attain;
They just grow from childhood up taller,
And sink back to the cold clay again.

Oh ye who are affluent beyond others,
Who but yearn a surcease from ease;
Remember those underbund brothers;
God placed in your hands golden keys.

Some one may have fears to be quieted;
Some one may have griefs to be eased;
Some one may have wrongs to be righted;
Each one with a kind word is pleased.

Wise counselors rarely come near them;
Too often amid dangers they stray;
Whilst ravening wolves gather round them
And eagerly seize them as prey.

'Tis the lot of those less favored children,
Whose hearts were fashioned to love,
There is very little deference shown them
By those placed a little above.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION.

Sleep, gently sleep! beloved of our childhood;
The one fondest friend that our infancy knew;
Lone is the cot in the midst of the wildwood,
We shared i nour young days,, father with you.

Lowly it stood at the edge of the valley;
Rude was its structure, homely its fare;
But never did love in proud mansion or alley
Surpass in sweetness the love we found there.

Too soon you were called away from us father;
Too soon dear mother was left widowed and lone;
Yet God He knows best, and oh! we would rather
See you happy in Heaven than be king on a throne.

You are gone it is true, and we are left lonely;
But in spirit we fly to the land where you rest
And happy we'll be, if, some day, we may only,
Enter its portals to the friends we love best.

Sleep, calmly sleep! May the angels be with you;
May the light of God's glory on you ever shine;
Never, oh never! in life we'll forget you—
Dear friend of our childhood, loved parent mine.

THE ARRAN FISHERMAN.

The way is far to Arranmore—
To Arran of the Western sea;
Yet fancy bears me swiftly o'er,
Wrapt in a mute reverie,
As on that hallowed shore I stand,
By Enda's feet long sanctified;
I call, and forth at my command,
A curagh skims along the tide.

The pilot—a hardy fisherman—
Browned alike by sun and wind,
Steers across from Kilronan,
With innate skill and tranquil mind.
Fast his light skiff sails the sea,
Like graceful swan on placid lake;
With movements all alert and free,
Of the finny tribe he'll take.

His home is on the sea-girt shore—
A rustic cottage by the shore—
There his happy children smile
In play around their cabin door.
They shall watch at evening's close,
When the golden sun retires;
They shall list each wind that blows,
Till safely home returns their sire.

List to his flowing Celtic tongue,
As he returns love's embrace;
In none purer hath minstrel ever sung

In praise of native land and race.
His heart is free from every guile,
Fashioned to nature's highest plan;
He gains his living by honest toil,
That hardy Arran fisherman.

DUSTING THE MAP OF IRELAND.

I have done a lot of choring
In my time round about,
While of odd jobs I had plenty,
On the inside and without;
But of work the most congenial,
In which I had a hand,
Was at dusting in the library
The map of Ireland.

The map reached from the mantle
Up to the ceiling brown,
And every county nestled there,
And likewise every town.
The four seas gathered round it,
In a bright silvery band,
While spacious bays indented
That old map of Ireland.

I dusted all the mountain tops,
The raths and fairy dells;
Cromleache, cairns, round towers,
Through all the sylvan dells.
The crystal rivers murmuring,
Over the golden sand
I always traced while dusting
That old map of Ireland.

Oft times I still am longing
To undertake such chore,

When fancy leads me backward
To the happy days of yore;
And in thought I often wander
From this new Ireland,
Back to the days I spent at dusting
The old map of Ireland.

THE ATHLETE.

No warrior he, renowned in war,
Whose fame like meteor-fire afar,
Blazons his name that men may read,
The glory of each warlike deed;
Nor conqueror, whose bold renown
Won trophies rare, or kingly crown;
The fame of whose great victories
Are sounded over land and seas.

At Olympian games the Greeks of old
Treasured far more than land or gold,
The covered prize each victor bore,
Where cheering confreres marched before
To accord to him their cheerful welcoming,
At native place, and there proudly sing,
The prowess of a hero, their joy complete,
On his entering in at the Victor's Gate.

Still, never yet had Grecian man
Outmatched the matchless Sheridan,
When triumphantly the discus he hurled,
Before an admiring, expectant world.
As champion of that great feis he stood,
The honored of the athletic brotherhood,
Whose plaudits resounded far away,
Upon that great Olympian day.

Forget not, that the glory won
By Ireland's great distinguished son,

On Grecian plain, or Thames beside,
Or where the Missouri rolling wide,
Speeds its vast volume to the sea,
By storied mound and vast prairie,
Was thine to share; thine, too, the praise,
Accorded him in those halcyon days.

When upon the summer's silent seas,
The breath of love moves on the breeze,
We shall weave a wreath of joyous song,
In praise of him, the skilled and strong,
Whose prowess is an inspiration to motives high,
When at Gaelic pastimes Clan-a-Gael doth try;
They shall rouse our efforts to emulate
The achievements of that famed athlete.

AT LOGAN'S FORGE.

I am told, says Ed Casey, to Ned Logan, the
blacksmith,
That England's Prime-Minister has had another
bad fit;
There's a stone in his slive for all those who
won't go,
To fight for ol' Nick in that place which you
know.
'Tis now certain that Irishmen must quit anvil
and spade,
So as to train to the use of arms in a new Irish
brigade.

You don't say so, says Logan, why such a thing
cannot be.
It must be a mistake, man, yes a mistake, that
is easy to see.
Sure the Irish know nothing of guns, powder,
or ball;

Such have been long denied them from Cove to
Fingal;
And as for drilling, why sure, 'twas high crime
to do so;
Not even a pop-gun, in my time, should we dare
to let go.

I understand all that, says Casey, still 'tis writ
down,
That every young Irishman, both in country and
town,
Is to be conscripted; he is then to be togged out
in khaki;
Taught how to shoulder a musket ere he cross
the blue sea,
To fight for merry England, all its pomps and
its works,
Against all England's foes, whether they be
Teutons or Turks.

That bangs Banagher, says Logan, the honest
blacksmith;
Still I can't see how they propose to force such
a writ;
The Irish, as you know, do not care for such
nasty work,
And they are in nowise jealous either of Teuton
or of Turk;
All such worthies may be as black as the ace of
spades,
But there are others engaged at the like vulgar
trades.

Well, says Casey, I admit that you speak common
sense,
And as to lecturing on conscription, I make no
pretense;

But it is said that Home Rule will be given
right away,
Should the Irish acquiesce and accept of soldier's
pay.
Yes, the price of the contract is Home Rule—
but you see,
That Home Rule has become quite a puzzle
to me.

I should say so, quote Logan, and he set to ham-
mering away,
Until the sparks around about him in showers
seemed to spray;
In the meantime his prentice boy kept the bellows
blowing,
Or sledged fast on the anvil while the iron was
glowing;
And the clang of their hammers would seem for
to say—
We don't approve of conscription! No, not in
Ireland anyway.

OUR LAND OF DREAMS.

May God, and Mary, and Patrick bless
That dear old land of ours,
And give each day of happiness,
In sunshine and in showers;
For sure 'tis there the shamrock grows,
Upon every rath and hill;
'Tis there the River Shannon flows,
By weir, and tower, and mill.
Though many a league of briny sea
Unfolds in vast expanse,
This day we sail back lovingly,
On that sweet isle to glance.

Now, God be praised, we see again,
Just as in days of old,
Our native land, those seas within,
That circle round its shores.
Today the exile's heart in pride
Thrills with a new ecstasy,
And whereso'er his footsteps bide,
His love beats true to thee.
It throbs for thee, O Ireland!
Your cherished hopes and fears;
Your circling seas, and mountains grand;
Your sunshine and your tears.

Dear Saint of Erin's Emerald Isle,
From your throne in bliss above,
Deign today to glance awhile
On us with thine eyes of love.
Ah! well we know you cherish still,
Those hills of home and youth,
Where heroically thou didst instil,
The saving lights of Truth.
'Tis there the sacred trefoil blows,
Beside each well known way—
Ah Erin! sure the heart it goes,
To you on St. Patrick's Day.

THE DAWNING.

Stealthly the light of morning,
Climbs up the eastern sky;
Stealthly, without warning,
The dull gray heralds fly.
There's a chirp from the thicket,
Heralding the matin tune,
Of the early songsters singing,
Sweet notes of love in June.

Anon, more clear the gloaming;
The streaks are turning white;
Deep bands of blue are rolling,
Athwart the dome of night.
Now high and sweet the chorus,
Of the songsters' carollings;
And the sound of rushing waters,
Tru' all the woodland rings.

Then, over the hills appearing,
Burst flaming tongues of fire—
Lo, the sun! on its way careering,
To higher zones aspire.
All nature throbs responsive,
To each brightly glancing ray,
And leaves, and flowers, and blossoms,
Stream down the sunlit way.

PLEASE TELL US.

Please tell us, won't you tell us—
Where are the swallows flown?
The blithesome, joyous swallows,
That yesterday we'd known;
That fluttered o'er the cornfields,
Upon their devious way,
And gladdened with their presence,
The happy hours of May.

The swallows, they have left us;
The robins, too, are gone;
And the season has bereft us of
The bluebirds we looked on.
They have sought a sunlit region,
Nigh the Gulf of Mexico;
There they warble in the wildwoods,
The birds we used to know.

All these groves are now deserted;
Lonely the scrub-oak be,
Without the presence of the birds,
Without the drone of bee.
The chilly winds they scatter,
The withered leaves along;
We hear no more the greetings of
Those birds of love and song.

But there is hope within us still—
Those birds shall come again,
When the frosts and snows of winter
Are melted o'er the plain;
Out from the Southland trooping,
Our downy friends shall fly,
To build their nests in leafy shade,
Beneath our northern sky.

WHY SHOULD YOU SIGH.

Why should you sigh when love grows weary?
Why should you sigh when love grows cold?
Remember, love comes when the heart a-cheery,
Speeds forth its shafts like sparkling gold.

Love is a frail flower and is easily tainted,
By the noxious vapors of each slimy stream;
Which, like to faces, a-rouged and painted,
Blast the sweet fragrance of love's young dream.

But do not pine when Love leaves you, dearest,
To fly to the bowers of hearts delight;
She will return again when you appearest,
Robed in your vesture all pure and white.

Oh! you shall rejoice at love's returning;
Oh you will take her to your heart again;
And for her sake the grosser pleasures spurning,
You shall enjoy love's sweet refrain.

THE EAGLEMAN.

Ho! The eagleman! Sailing along the sky.
With whirring sound his coach is passing by,
Climbing like a bird, speeding along the breeze,
In fragile bark over the land and seas.

To defend our shores is the motive grand,
Which speeds his plane away above the land;
Beckoning him on into the azure field,
To scan the land for secrets there concealed.

Now he speeds to earth. Now he reaches high!
A marvel of wonder beneath the sunny sky.
Anon, foremost in the battle's charging van,
With a speed surpassing moves the eagleman.

Oh fearless mortal! How really brave thou art!
You have won yourself a place in every heart;
And while you sail down sunlit realms away,
To your Guardian Spirit for thee we humbly pray.

KILKEE BAY.

Hewn from the rocks in ages past,
And fashioned by the titan power,
Of tide and storm, and briny shower;
The horseshoe bay in land-locked cage,
Opens on Atlantic. Oft in very rage,
The tumultuous billows swell and leap,

From out thn caverns of the deep,
Their never ending strife to wage.
In storm or calm, the scene sublime,
Delights the eye and thrills the soul.
There thought enobled fills the time,
Passed where those angry billows roll.
Those shelving cliffs, that circling strand,
Are all thine, thine alone, loved Ireland!

See where the "amphitheatre" lies,
Above the low-lying "pollock-holes";
The heaving swell now onward rolls,
To lash its waters to the skies;
It would seem each billow tries,
To burst the solid granite round,
Which guards the open trysting ground,
Where many an ardent lover hies;
But all in vain the waters sweep,
In their wild, impotent rage;
Yet, not in vain they gnaw and creep,
Slowly landward age after age.
What we regard as the wild waves' play,
Is the force a-fashioning a future bay.

Gazing northward towards the Arran Isles—
Saint Enda's sanctuary of old—
Atlanta's waters has for centuries rolled,
Along that sunlit shore which smiles,
To give a home to him who toils—
A cottage home night Moher grand;
By Sleive Cullane, or on Farnby's strand .
There, never yet, an alien taint defiles
The brave bold clans of Brian's race,
They sow and gather from year to year.
In other climes they seek not place,
When they can live securely here.
It were sweet to live by that western sea,
Apart from a world of strife and drudgery.

Through the glare at high noon-tide,
Glancing southward we behold,
A dented coastline stern and bold,
Winding away in all its rugged pride,
To where old Shannon courses wide,
Past Kilcredan and Carrigaholt,
Ere they are clasped in fast enfold,
Neath ocean's foam Loop-Head beside.
Away beyond that southern bound,
Of sparkling waters, Kerry lies.
Classic Kerry! In martial round,
Thy bold mountains pierce the skies.
Along thy hills the free winds sweep,
While Freedom bides in vigil deep.

Sweet at evening when the sun goes down,
To sit beside the shimmering sea,
Watching the changing phantasy,
Of clouds: white, roseate, emerald, brown;
Set and reset, and form again to crown,
The gorgeous pageant passing there.
Ere he sinks, to his ocean lair,
The day-god smiles on field and down,
On granite cliff and on rolling green.
The silvery waters race to the land;
The seagulls on their pinions lean,
Homeward towards the beetling strand.
Anon the beacon lights along the shore,
Herald the night when the day is o'er.

These were thy charms, scenes like these,
Sweet bay! Those days are o'er,
When we lingered beside thy shore,
Kissed by each bracing briny breeze,
Which blew along the summer seas.
Fond recollections oftimes cheer
And drive away the forbidden tear,

On prairie wild and on foreign quays.
Perhaps at eve some day we'll come,
And sit around St. Senan's Well;
There to list again the drowsy hum,
Of bee which sips from fragrant bell,
Of scented foxglove, rose and flower,
As had been our wont in that happy hour.

THE EXILE'S YEARNING.

There's many a league of briny ocean
Between me and my native land;
And 'tis I who often do take the notion,
To cross that ocean to Ireland.
I long to stray tru' the haunts of childhood,
And view again each storied scene,
Scattered tru' each vale and wildwood,
Weaving meadows and tangled green.

I know the linnets are sweetly singing,
All day long in hawthorn glade;
I know the birds o'er the brakes are winging,
Where in boyhood's days I strayed.
Methinks I see fond friends awaiting
To accord a loving failthe;
And I'll go bail they are debating,
As to whether any change has come over me.

There's not a change which fortune bringeth,
Can ever alter this love of mine
For that dear land where soft zephyrs singeth
And sparkling waters taste sweet as wine.
A day will come when I'll sail the ocean,
To share love's fortune, whate'er betide;
When I leave the city's loud commotion,
For the pleasures of home's fireside.

HAIL BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

Oh, beautiful singer, we have heard your song;
Our enraptured senses its sweetness prolong;
With thy matchless voice, those symphonies grand,
We thought you some being from the beautiful land,
Who just 'lighted on earth to remain for awhile,
And enkindle to rapture each heart with a smile.

As the full, clear notes of your measures came ringing;
Now near, and now far, our fancies went winging;
Our thoughts wandered on with the minstrel's emotion,
Until wholly absorbed with his theme and devotion,
And we sang with the singer, who deigned us a smile,
For we knew that he loved our own Emerald Isle.

When he sang the bold lay of our clans to the battle,
We could all but hear the cheer and the rattle,
And see through the maize each proud banner flying,
Or hear the loud groans of the vanquished and dying.
Yes, we cheered to the echo the song and the smile,
Of that matchless singer from Erin's Green Isle.

God bless the brave singers who faithfully hold
To the songs of our land. The glitter of gold
Cannot win the allegiance, or the love that they owe

To the land where the shamrocks forever doth
grow.
Yes, cherish those singers who come with a smile,
To sing you the songs of our own Emerald Isle.

THERE IS A GREEN ISLAND.

It is said that the map of old Europe is changing,
That the lines on its features are no longer
the same;
Since the war which, at present, its people are
waging,
Is altering each boundary and erasing each
name.

But I know a green island afar o'er the ocean,
From Atlanta's deep bosom like an emerald it
swells;
Where war cannot alter the true love or devotion,
Which the free winds speak of and so faith-
fully tells.

They tell of the glories of those far distant ages,
When the lamp of Erin's faith so resplendently
shone;
When its missionaries, as recorded on history's
pages,
Left Erin, their country, for lands then un-
known.

The peoples o fthose lands from the gloom there
around them,
Oft cast wistful glances, lovely Erin, toward
thee,
And they sailed for thy shores and happily found
them,
A sure haven of refuge and of sweet sanctity.

They gathered of the wisdom which thy schools erudited.
Of which thou didst give them without fee or reward;
Their faith was enkindled, their lamps they were lighted,
At Bangor and Mungret, Lismore and Clonard.

Say! Say! Ye free winds, are Erin's glories departed,
With her kings and her bards once so leal and so true?
Have centuries of rapine effaced the true-hearted,
And left none but weaklings, lovely Erin, in you?

The free winds call back from shore and from highland.
Like spirit voices proclaiming aloud on the gale:
The faith which St. Patrick planted long ago in Ireland,
Has never yet faltered and it never shall fail!

Her kings may have passed, and her halls may be silent;
While an alien horde usurps that isle o'er the sea;
Still amid the havoc, so repulsive and so violent,
In the Faith of St. Patrick Erin's children are free.

THE OVERTHROW OF TURGESIUS.

To King O'Melachlin the haughty Turgesius came,
With a heart ill at ease, for his mind was aflame,

Since his eyes at Temora a fair maiden had seen,
And he came to demand her of King O'Melachlin.
The King he looked grave, but he feigned to agree—
Yes, he would accede to the wishes of the mighty Turgee.
In an island in Lough Var the princess would meet
The sea-roving pirate in a wild revel feat.

The young princess, accompanied by a fair maiden train,
Without further demur set away o'er the plain.
Soon they reached the green shore, when out on the tide,
Their light skiffs are racing like swans in their pride.
As they reach the lone island, Turgesius they meet,
Who, with a band of young nobles, came hither to greet,
And to join in fond revel with that fair maiden band,
Who had come with the princess at the Ard Riagh's command.

Art thou fallen, O Temora! Must thy maidens thus go
To pander to the lusts of their vile, savage foe?
Has the proud race of Ermon, so kingly and strong,
Grown weak like the dastard to permit such a wrong?
Ye heavens forbid it! Away such wild thought!
Is not this the hour which O'Melachlin long sought,

To decoy to yon lone island that impious Vi-king,
Who to shame and dishonor a fair maiden would bring?

Noiselessly their light skiffs have touched the green isle,
Where Turgesius awaits them with bland look and smile;
But his intents are baffled. List that strange rustling sound!
Looking, he sees the mantle of each maid on the ground;
And there, standing before him in their manhood revealed,
He beheld fifteen princely youths well accustomed to wield
The sword and the skein in defense of their land,
Or to die in the struggle at their Ard Riagh's command.

Hah! Now tremble, base tyrant, for your gods cannot save,
Nor stay the swift vengeance of each bright flashing clave;
That cold glittering steel shall be dyed a deep red
And thy kinsmen shall off the green island be wed.
Farragh to the battle! They shout as they close,
To bury their skeins in the hearts of their foes.
Short and decisive the struggle. The Raven is thrown;
And Turgesius is pinioned on the ground there alone.

Yet not quite alone, for there by his side,
Fifteen beardless youths in his terror he espied.
Dread avengers are they! His last hour is nigh—
In Lough Owel he is fated by drowning to die.

To that lake he's hurried and plunged neath the tide;
Thus perished Turgesius in his heyday of pride.
Ever after the Princess loved that brave, gallant band,
Whose love and allegiance her deliverance had planned.

LOVE'S ROMANCING.

Love wandered abroad at the flush of the morning;
Radiant, and rosy, and joyful was he.
Over green hills and valleys the sun's light adorning,
Lit up the green verdure nad flashed back o'er the sea.

The bright cherub smiling, now one moment pausing,
Stood by the wayside a little perplexed;
But he laughed when he knew there was no reason causing
His hope to diminish, or at what to get vexed.

Save the foibles and fancies of minds overladen,
And but too often clouded by the visions they draw.
Said he, in a whisper: I'll court Mary Egan,
And lead her to the altar in compliance with the law.

Young Mary came tripping right over the daisies,
As lovely as sunshine her pure heart within;
But she blushed when she saw the boy of the Lacy's,
There standing before her in that Irish behereen.

He spoke and said—Mary! I am come here to
meet you;
You are my sweet colleen dhas, O Mary! and I—
Well I own that I'm not at all so worthy to
meet you.
But Mary, I love you, my suit don't deny.

Mary glanced from beneath her long silken
lashes,
Her eyes all aglisten and brimful with tears,
Her voice sounding soft as the note of the
thrushes,
Saying: Kieran, mu bouchal, we have nothing
to fear.

Hand in hand down the bohereen across the
brown heather,
Two lovers are speeding to good Father Dan;
They tell him their story, both kneeling together,
For Kieran loved Mary and she loved her Kieran.

My children, said the sogarth, you are now both
united,
To live hence together as man and as wife;
God's blessing I give you, and nothing can blithe
it,
Save your own folly in this work-a-day life.

Love dwells in the cottage of Kieran and Mary,
And away from that cottage it never shall go,
Since the one and the other never doth weary
Of home life, the real life, which all lovers know.

LEST WE FORGET.

Oh the flag we love all flags above,
Bears a heritage of glory to,
The men o' today, who claim that they,
Are to God and Ireland true.

That dear old flag, the green old flag,
Which for a thousand years
Waved o'er the brave on land and wave,
Mid the glint of battle spears.

With its harp of gold, which shamrocks enfold,
Appeals to your heart, O Gael!
And the patriots sing to the war notes ring,
O' the harp of Innisfail.

With a roll of drums on the breeze it comes,
Down from the days of old;
And each heart beats high with a soldier's joy,
For our harp of green and gold.

That dear, dear flag; our green, green flag,
Waved o'er the battle's den,
On the field and square as they battled there—
Those United Irishmen!

Oh the flag we love all flags above,
Waves in the morning's sheen,
As a talisman bold, with harp of gold,
Our immortal flag of green!

REMEMBER.

On the scaffold grim and gory,
True to Ireland's checkered story,
Stood her patriotic sons.
Strong in faith and love of sireland,
They would sacrifice for Ireland,
Life and liberty.
In a righteous cause combining,
On their innate strength relying,
Came the bold not thus defying—
We hate your tyranny!

Now a rabble throng surrounds them,
On the scafford tyranny bound them,
  Hands and feet.
Mocking jeers doth loudly hail them;
Ribald jests would dare assail them,
  As there they stood.
When their young lives rudely riven,
Were in the cause of freedom given,
Their souls sped to God's bright heaven,
  In eternal brotherhood.

Their lives afford real inspiration,
Grand their efforts for our nation,
  And its high ideals.
Would that their lives could but save it;
But the undying prayer they gave it,
  To heaven appeals.
It shall ring throughout the world,
Until our foes are backward hurled,
And their banners hastily furled,
  Shall know defeat.

Faithful patriots, ye, we cherish,
Oh, your names shall never perish—
  Young Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien!
In every land they shall be spoken,
  Where'er the Gaelic ranks unbroken,
  March on unitedly.
We shall crown their cause victorious,
Sure as the welkin ringeth o'er us;
And amid joyful feats and chorus,
  Their names shall be.

SPRINGTIME.

A gust of winds the woodlands waken,
All the pinetree tops are shaken;
They, through wintry hours forsaken,
Shall thrill again.

The chirp of bird, the hum of bee,
With all the sweet wild melody,
So beloved by you and me,
Shall come again.

Ere the leaves clothe field and grove,
Ere truant birds through them rove,
Warbling their sweet notes of love,
Spring must be.

Lo! Spring is nigh, for we today
Heard the winds herald it on its way;
Up from the South the robins stray,
To build their nests.

Anon, the bluebirds flitting o'er,
Shall troop along our island shore,
From downy nests sweet songs to pour,
In sunlit glade.

Buds are budding where the bluebirds be;
Songs are sung where the songsters flee,
Under the green wood's canopy,
Over all the land.

Let our hearts, too, responsive sing,
In this glorious time of Spring;
And proudly free to heaven take wing,
Our love to tell.

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

God of battles Who made the sun,
To shine on all since time begun;
By Thee alone are battles won—
  Thine sure victory.

Vain our efforts and unavailing,
Against the wickedness prevailing;
And our cause was surely failing,
  Until we turned to Thee.

Now th eday of battle's ended;
These the towers our foes contended,
From adverse ways we have ascended.
  To glorious victory.

See! Along each battlemented height,
Gloriously in the morning's light,
Our banners wave in Heaven's sight,
  Triumphantly!

God of battles, to Thee we raise,
Our voices in one song of praise!
Glory and honor to Thee always,
  And jubilee!

Thou art victor! With harp and cymbal,
Here Thy faithful hosts assemble,
Earth and sky are all atremble
  With loud acclaim.

God of battles, be with us still;
Give us always strength of will;
Thy grace each duty to fulfil,
  From day to day.

Thou art Creator, Redeemer, King,
Before Whom the Celestial Cohorts sing!
To Thee a wreath of bays we bring,
Great Lord of Hosts!

OUR BATTLE FLAG.

The Stars and Stripes sure we sing to,
'Tis just the dear flag we revere;
Oh varied the races that cling to,
And rest in its shade without fear.

Yes, joyfully we cross the blue ocean,
Our gallant flag waving above;
With hearts pulsing high with emotion,
To speak the deep sense of our love.

Yes, we hail every star on that banner;
We greet every stripe with a cheer;
Whilst the voice of love, duty and honor,
Proclaims—Lafayette, we are here!

We are here from the far rolling prairie;
The workshop ,the mart, and the mine;
From those mountains so lofty and airy,
On our march to the banks of the Rhine.

Its clear crystal waters can't stay us,
Nor rifle balls spitting like rain;
The death dealing guns won't dismay us,
On our route tru' Alsace-Lorraine.

On, on with Columbia's proud standard,
Ye gallants who throng round the way;
To a foeman it has never yet pandered;
A just cause it shall never betray.

Ring out gladsome bells from your steeples,
Ring out for the triumphs to be;
When the rainbow of peace o'er the peoples,
Shall crown them with sweet victory.

Old Glory proudly floating above us,
Shall wave on in triumphant fight—
To the God of our Fathers to love us,
We pray in our battle for Right.

All hail to each star on that banner!
Hail to the stripes on the same!
The hearts of the brave loyally honor,
As they blazon its pathway to fame.

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

There's a cluster of stars in our village today,
One for each brave lad who has gone far away,
To fight for the right in those countries afar,
Where swells the red tide of promiscuous war.

The stars they are set in a milk-white field,
And the name of each hero is therein revealed;
The crimson all around it signifies that he,
Stands ready, ever ready, in thy cause, Liberty!

When the loud call to arms awakened the land,
They fell into line the the word of command;
The spirit of duty appealed to their pride,
For it always appeals where true men abide.

They answered the roll-call, each Kelly and Shea;
Each Barret and Finnigan, each Flanagan and Fay.
To the tap of the drum stepped Clyne and Sheridan,
O'Rafferty, O'Reilly, Powers, Duke and Egan.

Thornton, Julian, Smith, Burns and Flynn;
O'Donnell, O'Hogan, Baird Murphy and Quinn;
There was Terry O'Neill sure, McBrien and
O'Fahy;
God bless all and keep them for aye and for aye!
Each true gallant loves the Stripes and the Stars;
He will keep it and guard it like a warring Mars.
Away beyond the ocean where the fighting is on.
The men of our village will be true, every one.

God bless them and keep every one of their band,
May He shield them from danger on sea and on
land;
They will never ground arms while a foeman
there be,
To crush neath his juggernaut the land O'Baelge.

And when they return again all hearty and sound,
Exulting with victory, with laurel wreaths
crowned;
We must not forget those who come back no
more—
Who sleep their last sleep on a far distant shore.

THE STORMING OF THE GRAND PRE.

Sure, 'tis the luck of the Irish, so they say,
To come by their own in some odd kind of way;
It was so at the Ourcq, and Maury's Farm you
see;
It was so at St. Mihiel's, it was so at Grand Pre.
They claim as their right, the bold battling van,
Where vim proves an asset to each battling man.
The latest news about them comes on from Krim-
hield,
Where the lair of the Boche was artfully con-
cealed.

The word was flashed forth—Ho! each man's to advance,
For the cause of Old Glory and the honor of France.

Then up spoke Willie Donovan—they call him Wild Bill—
We want just two things, boys, to take yonder hill;
Which I see right here—they are bayonets and guns,
With the rushers behind them, before them the Huns.
Responsively they shouted—arragh! sure we're here,
The foeman will run from this Verdun never fear.
Their guns then made answer with a volley or two;
The glint of their steel the smoke gleameth through;
Then over the top, just like a whirlwind they go—
Every man with his gun, out before him the foe.

The field was all shlidder with mud and with rain;
But they press on and upward the heights to attain.
The Boches looked down from their eyry-like nests,
Where barbed wire lay twisted along the high crests.
They slipped in the mud, they waded through slime;
But they pressed on and upward without loss of time.
Some called out "ridiculous," others shouted "no fun,"

Whilst others wished a sweet bad luck from the Hun.
All the way they kept nudging their way into town,
And shooting like anything at the nests on the crown.

Grand Pre was soon stormed, the Aire River was passed,
Where spick and span Prussians before them were massed.
Their guns are soon blazing, their bayonets are red,
While dugouts and trenches are filled with the dead;
And prisoners are marching to the rear you may see—
Such were the odd attractions around the Grand Pre.
Sing Hurrah! for the men who ply bayonets and guns,
Who can teach a few tricks to the wild, warring Huns.
They can drive them from France, from Belgium—ah well!
They can drive them most anywhere with a wild Irish yell.

THE YELLOW STREAK.

Place—Somewhere in Ireland.
Occasion—Orangemen's Day (1919).
Characters—Sir Edward Carson and Orangemen.

Carson: My friends, we are here (Loud cheers). "The die is cast.

"To be, or not to be,"
Is of our determining.
Orangemen: Truly hast thou spoken, noble knight.
The Rubicon of our desires is reached.
We are ready for the crossing. Lead on!
Carson: Immortal braves! (Cheers and great gas).
Should that nefarious measure Home Rule (loud hisses),
Now in statute set, become a reality,
I will call out every Orangeman.
Orangemen: We are ready, Sir Knight—we are ready.

(*Exit Orangemen*). .....

The Lord Berkenhead enters, saying—
What is this I hear, Sir Edward?
What is this I hear?
Methinks the noble Knight,
Has drunk to copiously of rebel brew,
For there is treason in his speech.
Carson: My Lord!
Berkenhead: Tut! Tut! Not a word, sir.
Oft times thou hast been assured,
By those who can best assure,
That Homerule is dead;
Still, thou wouldst indulge
In extravagance of speech,
Highly charged with treason.
Remember, it behooves you
To put away all doubting.
Let your best judgment exert itself.
Continue that opposition which you began,
And Homerule remains a dead letter.
It will not be resurrected—
The Premier has said so.
Carson: Tis well, my lord, 'tis well!

But remember—mark my words—
The Premier is wont to wriggle.
Would that we could trust him.
Berkenhead: For shame! Sir Edward, for shame!
Is not George an honorable man?
Carson: Yes, I know of honorable men—
Men who are true to principle.
Berkenhead: Yes! Yes! Verily, thou knowest all.
From Democracy to Unionism, is a far leap,
But not too far for a spry Premier;
He, the advocate of radicalism today,
Is the prop of autocracy on the morrow.
Such is statesmen's privilege, yon know.
Carson: True, my lord. Quite true.
Wherefore 'tis that I distrust him.
He is ambitious unto selfishness—
Yes, even to the risk of popularity.
Then wherefore should I trust him?
Berkenhead: Popularity, Sir Edward, is a fickle dame,
But she will not be trifled with.
Steadfast adherence to principle
Is what counts in the end.
The Premier from motives vain,
Has cast principle aside;
And being drunk with the wine of victory,
He scorns the workingmen. Therefore—
Carson: Therefore, my lord?
Berkenhead: Therefore, he loses to popularity.
Carson—(excitedly: And I win. (Exit Sir Edward).

Berkenhead: (alone, musingly),
Another case of exalted ego!
What confounded idiots men must be,
Who make pretence to stand on dignity;
Who hold to hope with tightening grasp,

As if loath to part from what they loved.
They say that some day, perhaps,
The tide of fortune again may flow,
An bear them on its crest to victory.
They care naught for the cause they advocate,
Save in so far as it serves the end,
Which they, in fancy ,doth feign behold.
Like visionaries they are wont to build
Airy castles in their leisure hours,
Peopling them with their whims and fancies.
He, (*pointing after Carson*) . . . .
Would call out the Belfast rabble,
To spit its spite at Parliament
He would lead it to its Rubicon,
To vomit forth its fulsome spleen,
And wound our ears with beastly bellowings.
He, 'tis true, was some cabinet clown—
Pray thee, pardon such simile,
Since a clown's part is fair withal,
For it leads to mirth and healthy laughter;
But this cabinet clown provokes our ire,
And calls for loathing and contempt.
He sailed for Bremen ne day, we're told,
To barter with fell Kaiserdom for guns,
With which to shoot down Papist rebels.
Why, criminals less vile than he, ere now,
Before firing squad life's forfeit paid
For their too daring rebelry.
He lives on, catered to and caressed,
By those whose hope he surely is,
Who use him for purposes most vile;
Which, when they attain; they will scrap
Him as pedlars scrap old iron.
But I am loath to prophesy to his undoing.
He may live on and grow fat on plundered spoils,
In some far off British dependency.
Hah! That would be well indeed,

For then without loss of dignity
He could pitch Orange bigotry to inferno.

Sir Edward Carson interwieved by members of the Press.

Carson: In your praiseworthy desire to learn
Concerning Ulster's weal, its hopes of reward
and aspirations,
You make enquiries regarding our attitude
Towards that infamous measure Homerule;
I appreciate very highly your motives concerning
same.
Let not an iota of doubt disturb your equilibrium
thereon;
For Homerule is dead, buried, and forgotten;
Thanks to Ulster's renowned volunteers.
Press Representatives in chorus—
We have heard of Ulster's Volunteers.
Carson: Of course. All the world has heard.
Their bravery is well known Messers.
It was they who hauled the Union Jack aloft,
While our Allies were digging deep,
In trench and dugout along the Western Front.
Yes, they hauled Britannia's flag to mast,
In Palestine, Egypt—over all the world,
And I swear they shall keep it floating there,
Notwithstanding all De Valera's efforts.
An Irish Republic forsooth—Phew!
Not on your sweet lives, Messers,
As long as Ulster's Volunteers are intact,
And while I am to the fore to lead them.
First Press Representative:
You claim to be a loyal subject, Sir Edward?
Carson: A most loyal and dutiful subject, Messer.
First Press Representative:
Being such, why should you oppose the law?

King and Parliament have approved Homerule,
you know.

Carson: But the Covenant, Messer—the Covenant!

First Press Representative: The Covenant, methinks,
In this case is an abettor to disloyalty,
Since it runs counter to both King and Parliament.

Carson: You are treading on dangerous grounds, Messer—
Interfering in matters foreign to the subject.
You had better mind your own business;
I will attend to mine. Let that be the rule.

First Press Repreentative:
Pardon me, Sir Knight, if I have offended.
My one desire is to see things clearly;
But, I am at a loss to learn by what right
You dictate to Ireland and to Parliament?

Carson: Ireland! Why Ireland is only a pin-prick on the map.

First Press Representative: And Orangedom is included therein.
Therefore, since Ireland is likened to a pin-prick,
Orangedom, and all that the term stands for
Represents the fractional part of a pin-prick;
Consequently, your inborn worth is very little.

Carson: What! Would you insult me, Messer?

First Press Representative: By no means. Certainly not.
But you made reference to the Ulster Volunteers;
And to the part they played in the Great War;
On which score I make no comment whatever,
Save to say that you have drawn a long bow.

Carson: The Volunteers are loyal and faithful Orangemen.

First Press Representative: Orangedom is a very small item.
Compared with all Ireland, it is only the one-tenth part of a pin-prick.
Carson: Well! Well! I never thought of that.
First Press Representative:
Very likely not. Nevertheless, 'tis so.
Remember also that in civilized communities,
Majority rule always counts for something.
Now, Sir Edward, you just take it from me:
Ireland, as we are told, is in favor of self-determination;
Consequently it is the bounden duty of every loyal subject,
To support, by every possible means, constitutional authority.
Carson: Why this is simply monstrous!
I tell you again, Messer, once for all,
That you have got to mind your own affairs.
I will brook no interference whatsoever.
Second Press Representative:
Don't pay any attention to him, Sir Edward;
He is only trying to get your goat.

A STATESMEN'S SOLILOQUY.

What strange rumblings methinks I hear!
At sleeping and waking hour they assail
Mine ears with their confused jargon.
Perhaps 'tis fancy with capricious whim,
A-building airy mansions to people them,
With the phantoms of disordered minds.
Quite disturbed, I woke last night
From troubled sleep. As I lay prone,
My teeth clattered within their sockets,
And in every joint I a n aching felt.

All atremble, I thought I heard voices—
The voices of peers and of workingmen,
Assembled there as if for hot debate.
The toilers stood with brows begrimmed,
Pointing their hard fingers meaningly,
Calling to the ermine cowled nobles:
You of the lordly manors and estates,
Whose broad acres extend limitlessly
Beyond the bounds of cultivation, to be
Breeding grounds for grouse and partridge,
Whereon the workingman must not tread,
Attend and hear. We deign to tell you,
That our feet are set in greasy streets,
Where rank odors our nostrils assail,
While you, at will, in speeding limousines,
Are free to roam over hill and dell,
At leisure. Of this we do not complain.
Yet, betimes, we feign doth ask ourselves:
Why should countless acres idle lie,
Whilst vast multitudes in the city pine
For light, and sunshine, and the pure air?
Why deny the workingman the right to carve
A garden lot from out that desert wild,
In which to plant a vine and watch it grow?
God created the earth for all mankind;
Wherefore not comply with the Divine decree?
Why should the idle wealthy monopolize all,
Leaving to the multitude rank poverty?
If the Divine intents were complied with,
The city bounds would be less circumscribed;
Whilst the hamlet and the toiler's cottage
Would mark each fertile hill and plain.
Realizing the force of this homely plea,
I forthwith sought its advocacy.
My thoughts came pouring quickly on,
Until, again, as in pre-war days I stood
Where the cheerinfg throngs gave welcome,

And felt the truth of those dictums
Which I erstwhile had made my very own:
The undeveloped lands shall be utilized
And parceled out amongst the workingmen;
The resources of nature's wealth shall be taxed
For men's benefit and that of the common weal.
As I spoke mine audience enraptured stood.
Their cheering salvos came rolling on,
Until I was proud to be the people's advocate.
Then, mingling with the jubilant, eager throng,
I feign would kiss each bronzed cheek,
And grasp each hard and horny hand;
For I felt, and still am prone to feel,
That the toiler's toil is a sacred trust.

All this was but a dream, you know,
And dreams are, after all, such unrealities.
But to live and move amongst the peers,
To hobnob with the world's proud diplomats—
That were bliss indeed. I have known power,
Fame and patronage still are mine to boast;
Therefore, why should I sacrifice these
For an empty popularity? No, no, no!
This must not be. Forbid the thought!
Let Labor rely on its own resources,
And elect to follow whom it will,
To give direction to its laudable aspirations.
Be mine to take the better, saner course
Which leads to that high and secure eminence
Where toilers shall call to me in vain
For a garden plot wherein to plant a vine.
By such mode I can set fear at naught,
And then I can laugh to ridicule those
Whose simplicity would to me impart
Their veriest thoughts and secrets.

BRITISH JUSTICE.

British Justice! Ouch! 'Tis well we know the
jade;
Right well we know that fair ingradiating maid,
Who with scales aschew, and sword in hand,
Regards with contempt all save merrie England.
Has not pliants and groans and bitter tears
Marked her tyranny down through the years?
If she could change, then the camelopard
Could likewise his changeless spots discard.

British Justice! Hear its victims groan aloud
In every vile prison pen on Ireland's ground;
There incarcerated in dungeons deep they lie,
Whilst dreary months and years pass slowly by.
Ofttimes without trial they are gathered in
And there chained in vaults worse than Siberian;
Their greatest offence: They dared to bear a
hand
In righting the wrongs of their loved Ireland.

British Justice we interpret as beastly might
Which tramples upon the sacred cause of Right.
Look round the isle where our forefathers trod,
That justice polluted the temples raised to God.
It has leashed the patriots in foul prison ships;
It has dashed the saving cup from palsied lips;
Its sword is stained with the pure blood of those
Who would dare confront their relentless foes.

British Justice! 'Tis an anathema, a very stain
On those helpless lands where there yet remain
One voice to curse it or one brave hand to stay
Its encroachments on the people's liberty day by
day.

Enough! Take you the jade and press her to
your breast;
Never! never in a freeman's arms shall she be
caressed.
Such justice is not for us, since we are loathe
To barter away our birthright for a paltry groat.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

Where pastoral Marne meandering flows,
At morning's dawn and at evening's close,
Amid sylvan scenes and orchards hoar,
Through many a scene of historic lore,
There dwelt beside its clear crystal wave,
In days of old, a maiden true and brave.
She—a shepherdess, with staff in hand—
Was destined of Heaven to high command!

It was in those days when England's king
His garish ranks set to marshaling
Before Orleans that Joan, a village queen,
Was wont to tend her flock upon the green.
Oft times clear above her lambkins' bleat
She heard the tread of warrior feet
Pass to and fro, and all the Gallic land
Knew of the bold coup which Henry planned.

Jane was sad. Our noble King, she cried,
Is sorely pressed. Often away beside
The Loire I have heard the neigh and champing
Of foemen's steeds, while blatant bugles ring
Acclaim to grasping Henry. Yea, even now
They fain would set upon ambition's brow
France's diadem, which Heaven decrees to thee—
Charles, our King—Heaven decrees to thee!

But Heaven shall hear a lowly maiden's prayer!
Kind Heaven shall our beloved country spare.
Yes, Heaven shall aid us in this direful day
And nerve our arms until our foes fade away.
I, a poor suppliant, should God will it so,
From these fair scenes into the strife will go;
For this lowly staff I will accept the lance
For God's great glory, the King, and France!

The heroic offering which Joan there made
For the weal of France and King Charles's aid
Was pleasing to God. In that auspicious hour
Her spirit was endowed with strength and power.
Yes, she would leave Domremy's blissful scenes,
Her native heath, where the bleak Vosges leans
Toward the bright sky, a bold barrier band
On guard to keep her dear native land.

From Vosges's slopes when the morning's sun
The topmost pinnacle of the keep had won
And poured its soft, refulgent beams
Athwart the fields and purling streams,
Domremy's saintly maid went forth to lead
Her native land to victory, as Heaven decreed.
Ere long the baffled hosts of England fled
Where e'er that heavenly appointed maiden led!

Time moves swiftly on, centuries have rolled
When the bright sun shone over Vosges bold,
Since Joan went forth upon her eventful way
To strike for France 'gainst England's grim array
When lo! we see other foes a-trooping down
To Marne's banks and Rhemes—old historic
town!
Those whilom foes are linked today as one
In allied compact against the bold invading Hun.

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